N° 85. SATURDAY, *September* 16, 1786.

Non adeo inhumano ingenio ſum, Chærea,
Neque tam imperita, ut quid amor valeat neſciam.
TER.

"WHY," ſays one of my correſpondents, who writes in a fair, Italian hand, and ſubſcribes herſelf *Imoinda*, "Why have "you ſo little of love in the Lounger?" I anſwer, becauſe there is ſo little of it in the world. "Love," ſays an author, who is probably of Imoinda's acquaintance, "Love, "the paſſion moſt natural to the ſenſibility of "youth, has loſt the plaintive dignity he "once poſſeſſed, for the unmeaning ſimper of "a dangling coxcomb; and the only ſerious "concern, that of a dowry, is ſettled even "among the beardleſs leaders of the dancing-"ſchool *." It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to ſee the propriety of mingling in love-affairs the *utile dulci*; which may be tranſlated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the Lady.

* Man of Feeling.

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The present age, amidſt all its acquirements and all its poliſh, has loſt a good deal of that ſpirit of gallantry, and delicate reſpect for the ladies, which former times poſſeſſed. If we trace the hiſtory of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the preſent leſs heroic times, we ſhall find it gradually declining, till now that there is little more than a mere ſovereignty of form, but ſcarce any thing of the empire of ſentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for Play, which is almoſt the only amuſement (if it may not rather be called a buſineſs) which intereſts the faſhionable world, has perhaps, of all circumſtances, the moſt direct and powerful tendency to level the ſupremacy of the ſex, and to ſtifle the feelings of reſpectful and delicate affection. Beſides that the paſſions it excites are of that ungentle kind which "ſcare the little loves," there is, at a Whiſt or a Pharaoh table, a ſort of buſineſs and money-tranſaction with the ladies, which neceſſarily abates the prerogative of ſex, and aboliſhes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourſe of ordinary life, the late founder of a ſchool of politeneſs recommended a certain indifference or *nonchalance* of manner, as the characteriſtic of a well-bred man. The ſyſtem has ſince his time flouriſhed and prevailed

in a moſt extenſive degree; and, like all other ſyſtems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal farther by the diſciples, than it is probable their maſter intended. "Nous avons "changé tout cela," ſays the *Mock-Doctor* of *Moliere*, when his patient's father ventured to ſuppoſe that the heart lay on the left ſide of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord *Cheſterfield* has made a change ſtill greater; the heart is ſtruck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the reſorts of faſhionable, or of diſſipated life, that Love has loſt his votaries. In the walk of Letters, in the haunts of Meditation, the ſtudies of modern times tend alſo to exclude his power. The modern diſcoveries in natural hiſtory, and in the mechanical arts; the reſearches into the various properties of matter, which the chymiſt and the naturaliſt have puſhed to ſo extraordinary a length, however uſeful to the purpoſes of life, are unfavourable to that enthuſiaſm which formed the lover and the poet. The "ſhadowy tribes "of mind" are much leſs cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to ſober reaſon, and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic ſhades was wont to dream majeſtic things, and to weave the myrtle garland for his miſtreſs, now watches the progreſs of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonſtration.

monſtration. Poetry is almoſt extinguiſhed among us; and its decline may not unfairly be ſuppoſed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from cauſes of a ſimilar kind.

Of all the "penſive cares of life," none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than thoſe of a delicate and virtuous love. The inſpiration of its melancholy ſoars above the groſſneſs of vice, and the meanneſs of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender diſtreſſes humanize and ſoften the heart; and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate ſtate is the ſtrongeſt incentive to great and noble atchievements.

I have been led into this train of reflection, from the peruſal of an elegant little Poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correſpondent. My readers, I am perſuaded, will hold themſelves indebted to me for its inſertion. The Muſe of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in uſe to trick herſelf out in artificial ornaments, to load her language with epithet, and to twiſt her expreſſion with inverſions. The verſes of my correſpondent are free from that defect; he breathes the artleſs ſentiments of ingenuous love, and clothes them in a ſuitable ſimplicity of language.

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ODE *to a* LADY *going abroad.*

I.

FAR, far from me my *Delia* goes,
  And all my pray'rs, my tears, are vain;
Nor ſhall I know one hour's repoſe,
  Till Delia bleſs theſe eyes again.

Companion of the wretched, come,
  Fair Hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly preſence gilds the gloom,
  While happier ſcenes in proſpect ſmile.

Oh! who can tell what Time may do?
  How all my ſorrows yet may end?
Can ſhe reject a love ſo true?
  Can Delia e'er forſake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is ſeen,
  No ſign of future ſweetneſs ſhows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
  And ſpreads the bluſhes of the roſe.

Then come, fair Hope, and whiſper peace,
  And keep the happy ſcenes in view,
When all theſe cares and fears ſhall ceaſe,
  And Delia bleſs a love ſo true.

II. Hope,

II.

Hope, ſweet deceiver, ſtill believ'd,
In mercy ſent to ſoothe our care:
Oh! tell me, am I now deceiv'd,
And wilt thou leave me to Deſpair?

Then hear, ye Powers, my earneſt pray'r,
This pang unutterable ſave;
Let me not live to know deſpair,
But give me quiet in the grave!

Why ſhould I live to hate the light,
Be with myſelf at conſtant ſtrife,
And drag about, in nature's ſpite,
An uſeleſs, joyleſs, load of life?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long bleſt in friendſhip, bleſt in love,
And may ſhe never think on me.

III.

But if, to prove my love ſincere,
The fates a while this trial doom;
Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear,
Nor leave me till my Delia come;

Till Delia come, no more to part,
And all theſe cares and fears remove,

Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
  Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whoſe looks beguile,
  Whoſe ſmile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting ſmile,
  And brighten up life's wint'ry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
  For all my cares, my fears, my pain;
Delia, reſtore me to my friends,
  Reſtore me to myſelf again.